A moſt Notaple Example of an Ungracious

Son, who in the pride of his heart denyed his own Father, and how God for his offence turned his meat into loathſome Toads.

To the tune of, *Lord Darby.*

IN ſearching famous Chronicles,
it was my chance to read
A worthy ſtory ſtrange and true,
whereto I took good héed,
Betwixt a Father and a Son
this rare example ſtands,
which well may move ỹ hardeſt hearts
to wéep and wring their hands.

This Farmer in the Country liv'd,
whoſe ſubſtance did excell
He ſent therefore his eldeſt Son
in Paris for to dwell,
Where he became a Merchant man,
and traffick great he uſed,
So that he was exceeding rich
till he himſelf abuſed.

For having now the world at will
his mind was wholy bent.
To Gaming wine and wantonneſs,
till all his goods was ſpent,
Yea ſuch exceſſive Ryotouſneſſe,
by him was ſhewd forth,
That he was three times more in debt
then all his wealth was worth.

At length his credit clean was crakt
and he in priſon caſt,
And every man againſt him then,
did ſet his act on faſt,
Where he lay lockt in Irons ſtrong,
for ever and for aye,
Unable while his life did laſt,
his grievous debt to pay.

And living in this woful caſe,
his Eyes with tears he ſpent;
The lewdneſs of his former life
too late he did repent,
And being void of all relief,
of helpe and comfort quite,
Unto his Father at the laſt
he thus began to write.

Bow down a while your dréadful ears
my loving Father dear,
And grant I pray in gracious ſort
my pitious plaint to hear.
Forgive the foul offences all,
of your unworthy ſon,
Which through the lewdneſs of his life
hath now himſelf undone.

O my good Father take remorſe
on this my extream néed,
And ſuccour his diſtreſſed ſtate
whoſe heart for woe doth bléed,
In direful Dungeon here I lye
my ſelf in fetters faſt.
Whom my moſt cruel creditors
in Priſon have me caſt.

Let pitty therefore pierce your breſt,
and mercy move your mind
And to releaſe my miſery.
ſome ſhift dear Father find,
My cheefeſt Chear is bread full brown
& the boards my ſaſteſt bed
And ſtinky ſtones my pillows ſerve,
to reſt my troubled head.

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My garments all are worn to rags
my body starves with cold,
And crawling Vermin eat my flesh
most grievous to behold,
Dear Father come therefore with speed
and rid me out of thrall,
And let me not in prison dye,
sith by your help I call.

The good old man no sooner had
perus'd this written Scrowl,
But trickling tears along his cheeks,
most plenteously did rowl,
Alas my son, my son quoth he,
in whom I joyed most,
Thou shalt not long in prison be
what ever it me cost.

Two hundred heads of well fed beasts
he changed into gold,
Four hundred quarters of good corn,
for silver eke he sold,
But all the same could not suffice
this hainous fact to pay,
Till at the last constrained was
to sell his land away.

Then was his son released quite
his debts discharged clean,
And he like as well to live,
as he before had been.
Then went his loving Father home
who for to help his son,
Had sold his living quite away
and eke himself undone.

So that he lived poor and bare
and in such extream need,
That many times he wanted food
his hungry corps to feed,
His son mean time in wealth did
whose substance now was such (swim
That fare within the City then
few men were found so rich.

But as his goods did still increase
and riches in did slide
So more and more his hardned heart
did swell in hateful pride,
But it fell out upon a time
when ten years woe was past,
Unto his son he did repair,
for some relief at last

And being come unto his house
in very poor array,
It chanced so that with his son
great state should dine that day
The poor old man with hat in hand,
did then the Porter pray,
To shew his son that at the gate
his Father there did stay.

Whereat this proud disdainful wretch
with taunting speeches said,
That long ago his Fathers bones
within the grave was laid,
What Rascal then is that quoth he,
that flatteth so my state?
I charge the Porter presently,
to drive him from my gate,

Which answer when the old man
he was in mind dismai'd, (heard
He wept he wail'd he wrung his hand,
and thus at length he said,
O cursed wretch, and most unkind,
and worker of my woe
Thou monster of humanity,
and like thy fathers foe,
Have I been careful of thy case,
maintaining still thy state,
And dost thou now most dogged
enforce me from thy gate.
And have I wrong'd thy brethren
from thrall to set thee free,
And brought my self to beggers staff
and all to succour thee.

Wo worth the time when first of all
thy body I esp'd:
Which hath in hardness of thy heart
thy fathers face dent'd,
But now behold how God that time
did shew a wonder great,
Even when his son and all his friends
were setled down to meat,

For when the fairest pye was cut
a strange and dreadful case,
Most ugly Toads came crawling out
and leaped in his face,
Then did this wretch his fault confess
and for his Father sent.
And for his great ingratitude
full sore he did repent.

All vertuous children learn by this
obedient hearts to show,
And honour still your Parents dear
for God commanded so
And think how he did turn his meat
to poysonous Toads indeed,
Which did his Fathers face deny
because he stood in need.

FINIS.

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